THE MOURNING SAINT AMONG THE WILLOWS:

OR,

HEAVENLY MUSIC REGAIN'D.

EXTRACTED FROM

PSALM cxxxvii. Verſes 1, 2, 3.

We hung our Harps upon the Willows in the Midſt thereof. By the Rivers of Babylon there we ſat down, yea, we wept; for they that carried us away Captive required of us a Song, and they that waſted us required of us Mirth.

ISAIAH, Chapter xiii. Verſe 21.

But the wild Beaſts of the Deſart ſhall lie there; and their Houſes ſhall be full of doleful Creatures, and Owls ſhall dwell there, and Satyrs ſhall dance there.

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A PROTESTANT PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL;
OUT OF ALL DUTY.

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THE MOURNING SAINT AMONG THE WILLOWS:

OR,

HEAVENLY MUSIC REGAINED.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

O GOD, I am thy ſervant, the ſon of thine handmaiden! thou art my father's God, who haſt more immediately dandled me upon thy Providential knee from mine youth up. O undeſerved Grace, thou thoughteſt of me when but a child, thy ray often convinced me of my unhallowed paths, at ten, eleven, and twelve; but at thirteen years of age thou didſt wonderfully illuminate that mind that was darkneſs, and changed thoſe faculties which were immerſed in earth and ſenſe; he arraigned my conſcience, and convinced me of the horrors of my ſtate. O let that * field be ſacred for ever to thee, and its regions be illuminated by the ſame ardent heat which thawed my hard heart; and its adjacent towns bring forth the Fruits of Grace in every youthful and tender breaſt; may that unbounded Love from the Cœleſtial Fields bedew thoſe early plants; and let thoſe diſtant plains rejoice in the light of thy ſun. Then ſhall the moon be for ever depoſited under their conſcious feet; and they nimbly trip over the higheſt hills of avarice and worldly-mindedneſs; nothing ſhort of thy ſpecial Grace can ſubject them to thine Eaſy Yoke, and looſe their fetters of ſteel; this alone can diſcover the deluſion, untie the cords that bind them, and bring them into thy green paſtures. In the

* A field called the Lodge, in the Weſt of England, near Brookover, by Froome; here he was ſavingly convinced.

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mean time, I would not forget Fulgour, winged from Heaven, and ſent ſpeedily to ſhine into my benighted ſoul, which ſhewed me my miſery, and likewiſe my remedy; and, in the ſpace of one year, led me forth to the poſſeſſion of the immenſe object. O Fulgour, I am indebted to thee, not only to diſcover the penal evil of ſin, but alſo to reveal the place where Jeſus, my atonement ſitteth. Then, O then thrice happy moment, Fulgour removed the obnubilating veil, diſcloſed the diſtant face.

With eyes no leſs open to eſpy the beatifick viſion, than afore to ſee the unparallelled cloud, I graſped with open arms, launched into the happy poſſeſſion of the real object, long ſought for, but now found; he told me he loved me, I admired the hint; now nothing was wanting but the ſteady confirmation; he ſoon ſent the meſſenger into my weary ſoul: thus was I five years under the felicitating and moſt generous influences of this indelible love. Love did I ſay! What but unmerited Grace can open the ſcene! ſo great thine indulgence!

Then entered I the cabinet, and claimed the bottomleſs treaſure; and now, being enwrapt with the claims of felicity, I challenged Earth and Hell to make me miſerable; nor was the ſhrill cry of my ſoul imperceptible, when with wonder ſhe ſhrinks under thoſe mighty poſſeſſions, admires the Donor, and, in language befitting her, "Why "me, Lord! why me!" This remained unanſwered, and muſt remain ſo, till the revolution of ſublunary things, and Eternity itſelf commences. Here the ſtory ſhall be unriddled with greater advantage.

Can it be thought the beaming ſun will be unmixed with the leaſt cloud, and thoſe raviſhments will have no intermiſſions? Or rather, thou art pre-

preparing me for every oppoſition. Sure all this favour muſt be attended with ſome unforeſeen deſtiny.

Lord, I ſubmit to the ſtroke; but am I to fall into the hand of man, or God, or both? Only give me the comforts of thy grace; I call in the aids of thy Spirit, and ſuck at the breaſts of thy promiſes, and ranſack the bleſſings of thy covenant; call theſe mine own, with every rich advantage. Mine own, did I ſay! Speak, Faith, for thou haſt put me into the happy ſtate, and ſigned it by every ſufficient teſtimony. Then my ſoul triumphed in the abundance of her treaſure, and I began to ſing upon all high places,

I'll range the cov'nant o'er,
  Its fullneſs call my own;
Chriſt ſeal'd it long before,
  Faith claims the prize alone.

Why then, my ſoul, doſt thou fear man, whoſe breath is in his noſtrils, and in a few years we ſhall ſee him, like vanity and ſmoak, mouldering into duſt? Where now is that ambitious breaſt, that once heaved with ſcorn and contempt to its fellow-creatures? Now where is that proud hard heart, that once fluttered with rigour, malice, and reſentment, to overthrow the poor man? Where now is that ſtately head, once employed to caſt down God's people, and plotting to ruin the ſimple? Here, here we ſee them, with all their conceited glory, their excellency is laid in the duſt, their malice, rigour, and indignation ſhall riſe no more; but the righteous ſhall triumph over them in the morning. The juſt man may ſuffer a-while by their cruel incurſions; but, O Lord, thou wilt cauſe his judgment to ſhine forth as the noon-day, and his integrity as the morning ſun; then

thy

thy people ſhall rejoice in thy ſalvation, and thy choſen in the light of thy countenance. Let my confidence be fixed on thee, O my God, that none deprive me of my truſt.

While many walk in a vain ſhew of a bare-footed profeſſion, unprofitable to themſelves and others, grant that I may not ſtand with them as a mere cypher in the church, nor as a wandering ſtar, emitting no true light to the unenlightened world, nor as an evaporating cloud, holding no waters; but may I draw waters of life from the real ocean, and give them to the flock to drink.

O God, let me dread nothing ſo much as a mere form, without the power; then my preaching ſhould be as a dream told in the air, and my other acquirements ſhould be as a gem in a ſwine's ſnout; and except I know how to preach from heavenly principle, and open the myſterious page with ſome cœleſtial key, better had it been to lay down in dormant duſt. But thou knoweſt, O Lord, my wiſh is only to glorify thee; I have no wiſh in the univerſe, but that which centers in thee; this alone carries away my heart, and is the uppermoſt ſpring in my ſoul; here I empty all the aims of my life, my very days are loſt without each channel be ſupplied with ſome uſefulneſs for thee. Uſeful did I ſay! How can a feeble worm be uſeful to his Maker? Yet, Lord, thou haſt told us in the word of truth, thou counteſt thyſelf glorified when ſuch as we give thee praiſe.

Here, Lord, are all the faculties of my ſoul, let theſe ſtand forth to vindicate the honours of thy name; let theſe ſteadily obey the orders of thy court; let theſe ring the moſt ſolemn peal of thy hallowed works, and loudly proclaim the Lord God, ſlow to anger, plenteous in his redemptions, forgiving iniquities and ſins, paſſing by the tranſgreſſions of his people.

Theſe are the things, Lord, my ambition would reach, that I might bring forth ſome tribute of praiſe to my God. I appeal to thee, who ſearcheſt all hearts, and knoweſt the ſecret receſſes of my ſoul; I deſire to be ſpent for thee, to ſtretch forth the nobleſt powers of my ſoul, fearleſs of danger, and ruſh into the fiery battle. Thus encouraged and unawed by thee, make the cauſe thine own; give me the opportunity to glorify thee; I aſk no more but the aſſiſtance of thy grace, the comforts of thy ſpirit, the guidance of thy hand, and the wiſdom of thine heart, that I may produce the fruits of thy ſpirit, through Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord; to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, be everlaſting praiſes. AMEN.

Chriſtianus

Chriſtianus expertus, vel experientia viri boni, reverende vir opto, te videre ſed multa impediunt, ſpero quod ſum in animo tuo, uti es in meo, Deus cognovit.

THERE is a day approaching when all breaches will be healed; ſin is the only forerunner of miſery, nor do I expect to be wholly freed from trouble, while ſin's bitter root remaineth in my nature. This Achan in my tent will diſquiet the peaceful region to which I aſpire, becloud my evidences, annoy my beſt wiſhes, break the chain of my devotion, divert my attention from the choiceſt objects, entangle my beſt affections, unhinge my ſweeteſt contemplations; in a word, attaint my heavenly frame, and mar the ſolemn entertainments of my ſoul; and now all my former triumph ſeems to be loſt, and I begin to lay all down on the diſagreeable ſcore of repentance, that I might feel again the benign tokens of his love, and be afreſh regaled with his favour, better than life. I aſk at his moſt clement hand, pardon for my ſins of omiſſion and commiſſion; he moſt ardently returns, removes the bluſh from my face, gives me freſh courage to encounter every difficulty, and enter the liſt of every duty; but now I muſt lay the reſtriction on my treacherous heart; for he that truſteth his heart is a fool; therefore I muſt tranſplant every evil imagination, and regulate every diſorderly paſſion; reinforce every generous and devout cogitation, commanding every ghoſtly power to calm obedience and raiſed admiration of the bleſſed Divinity. And now I enter the cloſet with double caution, leſt I be found to mock him while I profeſs to ſerve him. I keep my foot with diligence, and my heart with no leſs equity, when I go up to the houſe of God, leſt I defile his ſanctuary;

ſanctuary; nor is it ſufficient I be careful how I hear, but I am to be as careful of what I hear, leſt I deceive my own ſoul. If I do not hear for mine information, I ſhall hear to my condemnation. I muſt not hear for the ſake of eloquence, but for the ſake of intelligence. A miniſter that never brings his wares from heaven, can never bring my ſoul to heaven. A Chriſtleſs miniſter is never fit to be heard by Chriſtleſs ſouls.

Such an one may make a fair ſhew in the fleſh, by craft and ſubtilty; may God turn their hearts, or they are never like to make a ſhew in the ſpirit by Goſpel ſimplicity! But the true ſigns of a Goſpel Miniſter ſhall be the ſubject of another writing. Thus am I to walk in all well-pleaſing before my heavenly Father; and in order to prove myſelf to be a child of regeneration, I ought to walk in all manner of holy converſation; nor do I expect to be perfect; but when I have done my beſt, I call in the aids of the Holy Spirit, and the merits of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to render my perſon and performances acceptable to the Divine Majeſty. Nor can I perform the leaſt duty aright, without the agency of Divine grace.

The evil of my heart I find to be the greateſt plague of my life; yet I hate hypocriſy and deceit betwixt man and man. I will be of that ſide that is weakeſt, becauſe God regardeth the humble, and knows the proud afar off. I ſhould think it an honour done me to be the happy inſtrument to extricate ſuch an one from his difficulties; herein I imitate the great God, ſtrengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Iſaiah xxxv. ver. 3. But the evil of evils is, that deadly ſin of unbelief; this is the main ſource of every evil thing, the bulwark of hell, built by the fallen angels; here it was our firſt parents ſtumbled and fell. Infidelity, 'tis this that undermines my comforts, and

makes my Chriſtian courſe tireſome. Through this, as through an avenue, the adverſary is admitted to ranſack my heart, to make deep inciſions on my ſoul, and to rob it of thoſe ſweet intercourſes with the bleſſed Deity; nay, through it I am made to queſtion the veracity of God's word, the truth of the promiſes, and to raiſe objections againſt God's works and providences: nor is there a perſon in the ever adorable Trinity, but infidelity diſhonour; firſt, the Father of mercies, notwithſtanding the all-kind intimations of his love and grace, I either too darkly apprehend them, or too lightly prize the ſame. Stupid ſinner, are the glories too ſplendid for ſuch as I to embrace? Or rather, when his word commands me to taſte his dainties, unbelief refuſes. O high ingratitude!

I come, ſecondly, I often enter the ſacred, but moſt ſolemn departments of the ſufferings of my Lord; here I ſolemnize what Jeſus did for poor ſinners; but alas! how little is my heart affected with the unheard of tragedy; I call upon my ſoul to realize the awful ſcene. Come, my ſoul, look on, behold the infernal conſultation, the cruel ſpear, the Jewiſh rabble, his ſuffering on the croſs, the piercing nails, the thorny crown, his laſt groans and agonies; but what is moſt affecting, an abſent God: to hear him cry, "My God! my God! "why haſt thou forſaken me?" Was not this the Son of the higheſt? Was not this he to whom angels miniſtered, and whom devils feared; the Light of nature, grace and glory; heaven's Meſſenger, and the eſſential Soul of worlds? the Head of the election, the Darling of his Father's heart, the deſire of Nations, the Peerleſs Pearl, the Riches of Heaven, the Delight of Angels, the Brighteſt Sar in the firmamental Horizon, the only Jewel in the kingdom of Grace? But hark! I hear a cry. Hark! look how the rocks rend! the heavens are diſcoloured! the cœleſtial

luminaries

luminaries obſtructed! the ſun darkened! the earth trembled! and the earth opened! the dead are ſurprized! they ſtart from their duſty beds; they are walking about the city to know of this matter! Is not this ſome courtier from the upper regions? Yes, yes, it is the Son of God, it is he that cries; the Beloved of the Father's ſoul. O my ſoul! what ſufferings muſt thoſe be, thus to extort ſuch cries from the Son of God, as to put univerſal nature into one convulſion! Why did not his heavenly Father ſpare him? Oh! no; the articles of redemption were delivered into the hand of the Son, and the ſtipulated contract muſt be fulfilled; he engaged to become the ſinner's ſurety in life and death, and therefore reſted not till broken laws were repaired, injured juſtice appeaſed, God's anger pacified, and every brighter perfection of the Deity glorioufly harmonizing in the ſinner's ſecurity, and in the ſinner's head. Here mercy and truth are met together, righteouſneſs and peace have kiſſed each other. Now truth ſhall ſpring out of the earth, and righteouſneſs ſhall look down from heaven. O what amazing ſtupendous grace is here! My ſoul, enter the ſalutary field, and pluck thoſe delicious fruits; let doubts and fears vaniſh through the purging croſs; may his merit ſpeak louder to my heart than any objection; let me never flee the remedy, through the leaſt conceit of my own merit; but that I may be found in him, not having mine own righteouſneſs, which is of the law, but the righteouſneſs which is of God by faith. Phil. iii. 9.

I come now to the third conſideration, of infidelity.

Although the Holy Spirit of God has ſpoken once, and twice, yea, the third time, that he

might eſtabliſh every matter for my ſoul's profit; yet how often, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, have I truſted in man, whoſe power is inſufficient, and whoſe will precarious? Why not truſt my God? His power is infinite, his will is himſelf, and cannot deceive his creature that truſteth in him; nor can he want ability to ſupport his people's rights. It is he that ſpeaks the Almighty word, and that word ſhakes all worlds, and that ſame powerful word reſixeth them on their firmeſt axis. But woe is me! not to believe the word of his grace. Though he ſpeaks in the moſt ſtriking terms, yet unbelief will try every word of God as by fire; the powers of hell will try it, dubitations will diſpute it, hardneſs of heart will more than exclude it. Thus changeable is the creature. But well is it for thee, my ſoul, the covenants are eſtabliſhed upon a more ſolid baſis, the promiſes inſured, God's love permanent, his grace free, his favours independent, his mercy unbounded, his goodneſs the ties of his eſſence, his faithfulneſs unimpeached, his power unreſtricted, his wiſdom uncircumſcribed, his juſtice unbribed, and ſhall plead every injured cauſe. Juſtice, thou ſhalt confront the unrighteous powers of earth and hell. There is a day coming when juſtice ſhall lift up her rewarding hand; the malicious and reproachful forced to its awful tribunal; then hypocriſy ſhall be unveiled; here the honeſt Chriſtian, though now buffeted, ſhall be openly proclaimed, the injured righted, the poor enriched, the friendleſs received; here the manſions ſhall be prepared where the weary ſhall be reſted, all tears ſhall be dried; where ſorrows are eſtranged, here the maimed ſhall be healed, the naked head ſhall be crowned, the empty hands ſhall be palmed, the conquered ſhall be victors; laſtly, here all their ſorrows, fears and doubts, ſhall be ſwallowed up in the beatifick viſion of the Lamb,

where

where adverſaries ſhall never come to annoy them, and happineſs and joy, and infinite tranquility, ſhall fill the peaceful inhabitants for ever, without the leaſt interruption.

Now to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, be all honour, glory, might, dominion, and everlaſting praiſes. AMEN.

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THE MOURNING SAINT Among the WILLOWS; OR, HEAVENLY MUSIC REGAIN'D.

Extracted from PSALM cxxxvii. Ver. 2.

I. Ver. 1. Dies magnificentiſſimus.

O What a ſplendid! When the bright hemiſphere
It's luſtre did diſplay,
Revolving months to chear!
When ſeiz'd by his nocturnal charms,
Infolded in his downy arms.

II. Ver. 2. Solis beati.

Bleſt Sol, thy bloomy rays †
Did brighten all my path;
No midnight clouds ariſe
To darken Grace's birth;
Here radiant Sol's brighter wings
Chears peaſants, and delighteth kings.

* His eſpouſals to the cœleſtial object, and his apprehenſion of him.

† His ſacred triumph, without a cloud.

Ver. 3. III.

Benignitate ſalutatus Filii Dei reges ſunt vocati Apoc v. 10

Saluted with kind beams*,
I ride in royal ſtate;
And bleſs'd with gentle gleams,
My joys for to replete:
The kindeſt beams of Heaven's light
Make brighteſt day and brighteſt night.

Ver. 4. IV.

Auſcultat.

But hark! methinks I hear †
Some howling like diſtreſs,
I haſte to lend an Ear,
Found that a wilderneſs;
I came ſo nigh I 'ſpy'd their tents,
Saw ſavage beaſts and many ſaints.

Ver. 5. V.

Conſternatus circumſpectat.

While thus I looked on ‡,
I heard moſt wretched cries,
Rend the ſaints, ſpare not one,
Make them the ſacrifice;
Then fearing what might be my caſe,
I fled to ſeek another place.

* He dwells on a fair mountain (Gen. xxii. 14.) for five years together, the candle of the Lord ſhining, the chearing ſun beaming its rays almoſt without an intermitting cloud.

† His deduction from his pleaſurable mountain by preſuming adverſaries.

‡ He is impleted with fears in ſeeing cruelty acted upon other ſaints.

VI.

VI. Ver. 6.

I poſted ſwift away *,
To flee the awful ſcene,
In haſte, without delay,
To ſave a life ſerene.
Lions and bears did me purſue,
And poſt me back my life to rue.

Ejus effugium infons.

VII. Ver. 7.

Amidſt ten thouſand harps †,
Mine own was hung to mourn,
Mournful were all our hearts,
No one could form a ſong;
Uncertain all my joys are fled,
And all my golden frames are dead.

Ejus miſeria maxima.

VIII. Ver. 8.

We bemoan each other ‡,
In bonds beneath each tree;
None can help his brother,
Nor ſet his bondage free.
What man is there of human blood,
Can bleſs the ſaint, and help like God?

Statum ſuum dolet

* He attempting to flee deſigning adverſaries, is overtook, and they reduce him to ſlavery and horrible affliction.

† Having been led into captivity, and carried into a barren land, laments his ſad ſituation.

‡ He unwittingly applies to thoſe ſaints for help who were in the ſame captivity.

Ver. 9.

IX.

Ille ſubjecit ſe, ab ſalices in patientia ſacra.

I to the willows bow *,
While doleful winds do ſhake,
Beneath the branch I vow,
And plead for Mercy's ſake;
The leaves and branches of each tree
May judge our grief and deſtiny.

Ver. 10.

X.

Ille ſedet in geſtu humili expectans benevolentiam divinam.

I ſit betwixt the banks †
With careful brow and face,
Willows green keeps their ranks,
But I forget the grace;
Left enthrall'd to darkſome hours,
Forgetting new creating pow'rs.

Ver. 11.

XI.

Ejus lamentatio de deſerto.

Like owls amidſt the trees ‡
I ſit alonely bride,
Awaiting kind decrees,
To calm the rapid tide;
Give us true faith, on Thee rely,
When promiſe fails, and graces die.

* Finding none upon earth that would rightly judge of his caſe, he applies himſelf to the trees.

† He is convinced by the trees ſolemnity, and declares they had more ſhew of grace than himſelf, leſs oppoſition to the Spirit, the origin of their verdure and nutriment.

‡ He compares himſelf to the owl, upon the account of his friendleſs and deſtitute life; therefore applies to God for faith to wait on him.

XII.

XII.

As pelicans retreat *
To deſarts far and nigh,
My deepeſt cauſe repeat,
Beneath the willows cry;
As pelicans are chas'd for blood,
Mourning I fly, and tell my God.

Ver. 12.

Volucris vocata pelicanus quarum duo ſunt genera volucris fluminea una eſt quæ paſcit in piſces, alia terrena volucris, quæ vivit in deſertis & paſcit in viroſas creaturas.

XIII.

Beneath the bow'ring ſhades †
I wander, and rehearſe
Thoſe former ſweets and gales
That gave my ſoul redreſs.
Then our harps all rung their praiſes
To our God, with joyful graces.

Ver. 13.

Infra umbras arborum.

XIV.

I ſit with penſive care ‡
Before the royal throne,
Each flying bird I fear,
Or hiſſing ſerpent's tone;
Willows green, your rattling leaf
Do add new ſorrows to my grief.

Ver. 14.

Triſtitia in triſtitiam.

* He makes his retreat to God, and under the willows enquires into the cauſe of his trouble.

Malice on one hand, and in conſideration on the other, are the two hinges of deſtruction to the moſt ſincere, and both alike cruel.

† He reflects on former experiences of divine favour.

‡ He applies himſelf to God with dread and horror, having been confounded by beſetting adverſaries.

Ver. 15. XV.

Sylva ſacra ubinam meditabatur.

Sometimes I view the grove *,
Forget the willows green,
Strangers with envy move,
Expoſed all their ſpleen;
To wedded groves I all mourning,
Serpents and foes all combining.

Ver. 16. XVI.

In genua procumbit.

Or on the ground I kneel †,
Expecting kind relief;
With ſorrow's cup I reel,
Not one regards my grief;
To Heaven I rais'd my penſive cries,
Supinely looking to the ſkies.

Ver. 17. XVII.

Si vermis.

If that I am a worm ‡,
Whom creatures can't admire,
Subject to creature ſcorn,
Caſt by malicious fire;
Thoſe humble ſeats I'd rather chuſe,
Than manſions whom my God refuſe.

* He attempts to flee the willows that he might find ſome place of refuge, or ſome faithful friend; inſtead thereof, meets with ſtill more powerful adverſaries.

† His anxiety and prayer to be employed again in Chriſt's vineyard, but no juſtice can be found for him.

‡ He is content to be ſtript of all ſuppoſed excellency of creatureſhip, ſo that he might be indulged with heaven's favour.

XVIII.

XVIII. Ver. 18.

What tho' my life's a dream *,
And conflicts all ſurround,
In hypocrites eſteem
Laid proſtrate to the ground?
Their artful guile, their ſordid lies,
Shall make me more thy love to prize.

Somnium ejus vita. Somnium vita.

XIX. Ver. 19.

From gliding waters fair †
I wiſh'd for ſome repaſt,
No waters glide ſo clear,
So heals, ſo ſweet for taſte:
All do commend them for their grace,
But cannot heal, nor pleaſe my taſte.

Solamen exquirit ille.

XX. Ver. 20.

To birds I lent an ear,
To know what notes they ſung,
Their notes could never chear,
Nor all their warbling tongue:
You praiſe your God with melted hearts,
And add a wiſh, but for our harps.

Aves omnium generum.

* Tokens of divine favour are the only aim of his life.

† No ordinances could miniſter comfort to him, ſeeing himſelf is exil'd from all uſefulneſs.

XXI.

Ver. 21.

XXI.

Ex profundo, dolore elatus eſt a Deo in fiduciam ſanctam.

I kneel me down to pray
To nature's author, God;
With inward ſighs did ſay,
Shed all thy joys abroad:
For gliding ſtreams, nor birds with notes,
Can make me bleſt, nor eaſe my thoughts.

Ver. 22.

XXII.

Ille applicat ſe ipſum ſalicibus.

How long ſhall willows green *
Bear the pure golden harp?
No joys nor peace is ſeen
In all the wild deſart;
Willows green bear our harps away,
That we can neither praiſe nor pray.

Ver. 23.

XXIII.

Cum ſalicibus ratiocinatur.

Can willows green endure †
To bear the harps that mourn,
No ſweet voice to allure
The heart that's left forlorn?
Our harps all rung on willows green,
Forget to praiſe, forget to ring.

* He lamenteth his attachment to the willows.

† He complains to the willows of hard uſage, that they ſhould confine him from the ſervice of God.

XXIV,

XXIV. Ver. 24.

Deſcend diviner Dove *,
And ſtrike the double key,
Our tunes ſhall move by love,
Our ſongs of praiſe to Thee;
We'll wipe our tears and ſorrows dry,
He'll raiſe our ſongs up to the ſky.

Divinitus columbatim.

XXV. Ver. 25.

Deſcend diviner Dove †,
Command our harps and lays,
Our tunes ſhall move with love,
To Thee our ſongs of praiſe;
We'll wipe our tears and ſorrows dry,
He'll raiſe our ſongs up to the ſky.

Deſcendit.

XXVI. Ver. 26.

My heart ſhall be the throne ‡,
Here take thy royal ſeat,
Adverſaries expone,
And put them to the flight;
When he ſpeaks peace to Sion's ſons,
They learn to vie harmonious ſongs.

Cor ſuum ſolium regale.

* He changeth his complaint into holy ejaculations.

† His ejaculations.

‡ His reſignation.

XXVII.

Ver. 27.

XXVII.

Beata electio ſua.

He ſhews the Father mine *,
And all bleſſings above,
With a broad ſeal divine,
Fixes the pledge of love;
He brings ſalvation to our taſte,
And ſeals it ſure by ſpecial grace.

Ver. 28.

XXVIII.

Amice officia perſonarum trinitatis beatæ.

The Father now dwells here †
The ſon that ſaves from hell,
The ſpirit likewiſe ſhare,
And jointly with us dwell;
Lift up your heads, lift up your hearts,
Rejoice and ring your golden harps.

Ver. 29.

XXIX.

Fundamentum magnum fœlecitatis ſuæ.

Thrice happy Believer ‡,
Eternal three is thine,
Thou bleſt art for ever,
Thy triumphs are divine;
I'll bid each grace reſound his name,
And raiſe the trophies of his fame.

† His appropriation of the ſupernal object.

† The cohabitation of the object.

‡ His poſſeſſion of the darling object, and ſweeteſt intereſt and rapture.

XXX.

XXX. Verſe 30.

What glows of ſacred ſweet *, Muſica ſo-
Compoſe my languid breaſt, nans.
Shews me his royal ſeat,
Invites me to a feaſt;
Here ſilken notes all bind our hearts,
And pleaſures ring our golden harps.

XXXI. Verſe 31.

No muſic ſounds ſo ſweet † Dulcis ſo-
As when the ſpirit charm, nitus.
Here grace ſhall kindly meet,
And make the ſoft alarm;
He tunes our harps, bids them rejoice,
Our ſouls poſſeſs ſeraphic joys.

XXXII. Verſe 32.

No muſic ſounds ſo true ‡ Muſica ve-
Thoſe notes are all divine, ra.
Loud and attracting too,
More chearing than rich wine;
He tunes our harps, bids them rejoice,
Our ſouls poſſeſs ſeraphic joys.

* The charms of the object and the ſweeteſt effects of union.

† The delightful muſes.

‡ The regular muſes.

Ver. 33. XXXIII.

Muſica excellens.

What muſic can compare* ?
'Tis grace that makes me ſing,
Each faculty ſhall ſhare,
Their praiſing tributes bring;
O what amazing joys we feel,
Regal'd on ev'ry brighter hill!

Ver. 34. XXXIV.

Muſica renovata.

My joys are ever new †,
His comforts freely flow;
Bleſs'd are the happy few
Who taſte, and feel, and know;
O what amazing joys we feel,
Regal'd on ev'ry ſacred hill!

Ver. 35. XXXV.

Muſica lætificans.

Aſſemblies juſt and wiſe ‡,
Such muſic pleaſe the ear;
Each drooping head ſhall riſe,
And baniſh ev'ry fear:
Lift up your heads, lift up your hearts,
Rejoice, and ring your golden harps.

* The noble grace of the muſes.

† The change of the muſes.

‡ The lure of the muſes.

XXVI.

XXXVI. Ver. 36.

What draughts of heav'nly bliſs — Muſica delectabilis.
Create thoſe golden frames!
His promiſe and his kiſs
Kindle love's pureſt flames:
My Father dear, and God thro' grace,
Erects thoſe frames of joy and peace.

XXXVII. Ver. 37.

What draughts of heav'nly bliſs †! — Muſica grata.
I drink immortal ſtreams;
Here ev'ry vacant wiſh
Receives ten thouſand ſeals:
Thoſe waters flow down lofty hills,
And ope in rivulets and ſprings.

XXXVIII. Ver. 38.

Mine inward faculties ‡ — Muſica tinniens
As ringing bells do move,
They move in ſolemn ties,
And join to praiſe in love:
Pſalteries and harps, cymbals ſounding,
Happy ſtate! all joys abounding.

* The beneficial muſes.

† The pleaſurable muſes.

‡ The ringing muſes.

Ver. 39. XXXIX.

Muſica ſuprema. I'm loſt in extaſies *,
In pleaſures all profound;
My joyful faculties
Are loſt in their own ſound:
Cornets and harps, cymbals ſounding;
Happy ſtate; all joys abounding.

Ver. 40. XL.

Muſica magnifica. Strike all your treble keys †,
Exert your primeſt ſkill,
Mortals raiſe notes always,
The ſpirit ſits within:
Come, my ſoul, replete all praiſes,
Ringing, ſinging heav'nly muſes.

Ver. 41. XLI.

Lætus tinnitus. Angels bring forth your harps ‡,
And join your richer powers,
We'll join With all our hearts,
And we will ſound forth ours:
Angels with joy will ſtrike each key,
And ſound rich notes for thee and me.

* The chiming muſes.

† The general chiming of the muſes.

‡ The univerſality of the muſes.

XLII.

XLII Ver. 42.

Such muſic angels love *, Muſica angelica.
They liſten and rejoice;
Deſcending from above,
They ſtrike their harps and voice;
Angels with joy will ſtrike each key,
And ſound rich notes for me and thee.

XLIII. Ver. 43.

Bleſt ſaints who dwell above †, Muſica admirabilis
You join angelic choir;
We praiſe redeeming love,
Salvation we admire:
Sovereign grace here loudly ſounds,
Thro' all the earth's remoteſt bounds.

XLIV. Ver. 44.

Our joys are all the ſame ‡ Muſica cœleſtis.
As thoſe before the throne,
For nature, ſource and name,
Their joys and ours are one:
Saints below, ſaints above ſhall join.
To make the ſong but more divine.

* The grand choir.

† The ſovereign muſes.

‡ The quality of the muſes.

XLV.

Ver. 45. XLV.

Muſica vivifica.

Thy ſervants qualify *
With gifts, and with all grace,
Their ſorrows ſanctify,
Give them the lion's face:
Their harps ſhall ring more loud than ours,
When he commands their noble powers.

Ver. 46. XLVI.

Muſica ſempiterna.

We'll ſing till he ſhall come †
In clouds exalted high,
And fix our happy home
Were ſongs and notes do fly;
Saints ſoon ſhall ſee the heavens on fire,
And Chriſt's ſweet voice ſhall call them higher.

* The reviving muſes.

† The perpetuity of the muſes.

FINIS.

WE, whoſe names are underwritten, do verily believe the Author of the foregoing work to be an injured, honeſt, good man, of real integrity, ſtricteſt veracity, and a great ſufferer by uncharitable people; yet a man every way worthy the greateſt pity and compaſſion from every true Chriſtian; juſt in his ways, a man of principle, and a friend to all ſuch as are.

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R. Jones
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W. Nelſon
J. Child, at No. 91, Tooley-ſtreet, as knowing him ten years paſt
R. Child, No. 74, ditto
R. Cook, Plough-ſtreet, Whitechapel, as knowing him 20 Years
K. Andrews, Charles's-ſquare
J. Peet, knowing him 30 Years
W. Child
J. Foot, Stony-lane
H. Randall, No. 92, Tooley-ſtreet
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J. Hamilton, No. 95, ditto
R. Jones, No. 93, ditto
J. Inman, No. 133, ditto
E. Hott, ditto
T. Pickton, No. 113, ditto
R. Herrington, No. 151, ditto
J. Branſcomb
W. Gibbons, Eſſex-ſtreet in the Strand
J. Innall, Iſlington, as knowing him near thirty years, as a very worthy, honeſt man, and one that has been greatly injured.

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